

2Pac Lyrics

"Lil' Homies"

Fuckin' lil' homies...
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies
Lil' homies...
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Just pay attention; here's a story 'bout my lil' homies
Straight thuggin', lil' bad young motherfuckers
Gotta love 'em, you could catch him in his G ride, clutchin' his Glock
Screamin', "Outlaw!" (West Side motherfucker!), bustin' on my enemy's block
Educated on these cold streets
Gettin' money, makin' dummies out the police
Ain't no peace, for an adolescent nigga too wild, to be a thinker
Bud smokin' 24/7, everyday drinker
Got my diploma, but I never learned shit in school
Mo' money, mo' bitches, mo' murder, fool!
Always the young niggas gettin' in shit
She wouldn't stop to conversate, so you called her a bitch (biatch!)
Bustin' on paper thin motherfuckers
Drinkin' gin before you get to sinnin' on them busters
Emptied his clip, passed by like he didn't know me
Everybody duckin', my fuckin' lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

I remember, when you was just a lil' G, flirtin' with death
Playin' "Russian Roulette", screamin', "Kill me!"
Hey there, young nigga, what you smokin' on?
Mad at the world 'cause you came from a broken home?
Love the squad, plus your mob is sick
A bunch of adolescent niggas spittin' major shit
Tell me, young nigga, if you die, let me know
Would your heart feel pain, watchin' as your mother cries?
Will all your homies ride?
Or will they all get high, and talk about how you died?
Young niggas on a mission to compete
Gettin' G's, packin' heat, bringin' havoc to the fuckin' streets
Nobody knows why he took a fo'-fo'
And unloaded on the whole front row (BUCK! BUCK!, BUCK BUCK)
Try to tell him, but he act like he don't know me
Pull out his pistol and he show me; my lil' homie

Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight (my lil' homie)
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets (my lil' homies)
Lil' homies on the ride
Niggas gonna die tonight, let's get high tonight
Lil' homies on the mash
Runnin' from these punk police
'Cause lil' niggas run the streets

"First 2 Bomb", "16 On Death Row"
Bustin' on them phony motherfuckers
'Cause the big homie said so
Niggas knew I was a nutcase, quick to blast
Livin' underage, but he'll blaze on your bitch-ass
Is there a heaven for a G?
And if it is, will I finally get to be at peace?
On these streets ain't no peace
Shell-shocked souls makin' money off of crack sales, young black male!
Unable to change, 'cause it's a cycle
Plus nobody knows the evil that they might do
Lil' Moo, Big Yak, K. Castro
Big Malcom, Hussein, call 'em Outlawz
Tellin' the world to be equipped
When these young motherfuckers rip shit, they don't quit
Drew down on me, pulled a pound on me
Bust like he didn't know me; my lil' homies

Lil' homies on the ride
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Whassup nigga let's do this shit! My lil' homies!
Lil' bad-ass motherfuckin' adolescent niggas! My lil' homies!
What the fuck you niggas wanna do? WHAT NIGGA? My fuckin' lil' homies

Sixteen, fifteen, thirteen, my fuckin' lil' homies
Juvenile delinquents ready to BUST on you motherfuckers
What the fuck you niggas wanna do nigga?!
Nigga take yo' shit on, lil' homies!
We robbin' motherfuckers nigga, Thug Life, Outlawz! West Side!
You know what time it is, my lil' homies!
You know what the fuck you gotta do nigga, Outlawz nigga
My lil' homies..

Thanks to zastrow17 for correcting these lyrics.

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